

THE
NORTHERN-STAR.

A
POEM.

Written by Mr. HILL.



L O N D O N :

*Printed for E. Berington at the Cross-Keys near Essex-street
End in the Strand, and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall
MDCCXVIII. Price One Shilling.*

102

154 21.15.5



Blake gift

P O E M

Written by Mr. Hill



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

P R E F A C E

To Mr. P O P E.

S I R,
I Am so little inclin'd to trouble even Men of Merit, with the Address of such Trifles as These, that it was impossible I shou'd so much as have thought of Yourself with that View, if Honest Bernard, your Bookseller, had not inform'd me, That You (I suppose it was out of the Fulness of your known Zeal for our Church and Constitution) had taken upon you to assert, that Printing any thing in Praise of the Czar of Russia wou'd be receiv'd as a Satyr on the Government.

'Tis possible, that under this Disguise of Opinion, Your Excess of Good-breeding may have conceal'd your Dislike of the Performance; for I find it a Difficulty to conceive, how so whimsical an Objection cou'd come into a Head, so well stor'd with Judgment, as we are to conclude Yours to be, from Your Essay on Criticism.

Let either of these sage Cases be the Right, I consider their Importance as Equal; and take this Occasion, with a Frankness, like Your own, to assure You, that my Esteem for Your Genius as a Poet, is so very considerable, that it is hardly exceeded by my Contempt of Your Vanity.

What led me to embrace an Opportunity of knowing Your Opinion, was a Disposition which two Lines in Your Essay above-mention'd shall explain for me;

Trust not Your-self; but Your Defects to know,
 Make Use of Ev'ry Friend: — And Ev'ry Foe:

I cou'd not, I confess, consider you as a Friend, having that very great Misfortune to languish under, of not being reckon'd in the Number of Your Acquaintance: But in the Last of the two Lights, I presum'd, I might regard You, since Mr. Dennis, for whose Skill in Judging I profess an Esteem, has assured us, that You are a Kind of Foe to every Body but Your-self, and on that Foundation, supports his rough Attempt to pull the Lyon's Skin from a certain little Ass he there mentions, and I fear he means You, Sir.

When I consider'd You in this Character, I made no doubt but any Poem wou'd have had the Good Fortune to come out of Your Hands well examined, that I shou'd have heard of Rough Verse, improper Sentiments, and a World of Poetical Errors: But I profess Your Penetration over-shot all my Fears, and I cannot find Words to express my Astonishment at Your Capacity, when Mr. Lintott lisp'd out, That Mr. Pope said, there were several good Things in the Northern-Star, BUT, it would be taken for an Insult on the Government: FOR, tho' the Czar is King George's Ally; yet we are likely to quarrel with Sweden; and Muscovy, whisper'd Bernard, lies, he says, in the North!

If this pleasant Discovery was Your Real Opinion, we must, I'm afraid, learn to pity the Weakness of a Judgment, which, I know, is Heroic enough to wish rather for Envy, tho' a sturdier Passion, and agree with You heartily, that,

A Little Learning is a dangerous Thing.

But if you dislik'd the Poem, as a Poem, why did you not fairly avow the Disrelish? I could have own'd a Conviction of Error, with the same Satisfaction, I feel, when I repay a Civility. Shall I put you in Mind, that Dislike not own'd openly, stands condemn'd by a Judge, whose Sentence Mr. Pope, of all Mankind, will be the last to appeal from,

Be Niggards of Advice, on no Pretence,
 For the worst Avarice is that of Sense:
 With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust,
 Nor be so civil, as to prove unjust:

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I must, by no Means, imagine, that a supercilious Result, from Neglect of examining into the Merits of a Cause, he pretends to decide, can be charg'd with any Justice on the Author of the following Lines, unless he was religious enough to write them, with Design to lash himself by Way of Penance.

Of all the Causes, which conspire to blind
 Man's Erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind;
 What the weak Head, with strongest Biass, rules,
 Is, Pride, the neverfailing Vice of Fools.
 Whatever Nature has, in Worth, deny'd,
 She gives, in large Recruits, of needful Pride:

In short, if I writ Verse often enough to make my Vanity Rampant, I should shrewdly suspect, that you were mightily taken with this Poem, since you thought it worth your while

The P R E F A C E.

to give it an ill Character; for You, who never lie, have told the World, and I suppose you assert Nothing but from Your own Knowledge,

That still the Worst with most Regret, Commend,
And each bad Writer is as bad a Friend.
And while Self-Love each jealous Writer rules,
Contending Wits become the Sport of Fools:

But, if I was not afraid, that You wou'd think me Ill-natur'd, I wou'd observe in your Favour, on this Occasion, that tho' all these foregoing Verses are Your own Words, they may possibly be very different from Your Sentiments; for I remember, that, among the rest, You, tell us, by Way of Warning.

That Men of Wit may their own Rules invade,
As Kings dispense with Laws, themselves have made.

I will therefore take Advantage, from my having been pretty conversant with your Writings, to seek a better Reason yet, for the Oddness of your Notion, that this North-ern-Star is a Satyr on the Government. Your abovemention'd Cabinet of Sentences is so well furnished, that, like a Masquerade-shop at Venice, it will give a Man what Face he pleases in a Twinkling; but I presume, I have hit the Right Nail, when I stop at the following Simile.

All seems infected, that th' infected Spy,
As all looks Yellow to the Jaundic'd Eye:

But however, tho' as Teague in the Comedy, finds his Mouth run from one Side to the other, and cannot for his Life say Ladyship to Mrs. Day, without laughing in her Face, I cannot without much Difficulty grow Grave, when I compare the Judge with the Sentence; yet to allow all possible fair Quarter, let us suppose, that the Czar, as He is not, were now actually our Enemy — Are his Merits less shining? Does His Glory depend on His Friendship for Britain? Contemptible Meannesses of Thought! Is it necessary to-wards becoming a Patriot, among the English, that every Thing must be bated, that is Foreign? At that Rate the toto divisos orbe Britannos wou'd be more applicable to our Humour than it is to our Situation.

Next to deserving well ourselves, it is the noblest Perfection of Nature, to admire and applaud those, who do so; But to have no Ear open to Renown at a Distance, were base, vain and brutal, equally distasteful to Humanity and Wisdom. We may talk what we please of our Natural Advantages. There is one Natural Defect, which will shadow them All; and which makes it impossible to widen our Power, till we enlarge our Conceptions.

I am apt to believe that Nothing has contributed more to this Narrowness of Mind, than the Flatteries of our Poets: who generally writing for a precarious Substance, can no Way so easily succeed, as by falling in with the Weakness and Bias of Mens Natures; and hence all our Women are Nymphs, Angels, or Goddesses; our Men, Demi-Hero's; all our Soldiers are invincible; all our Generals beyond Cæsar; all our Kings like Augustus; and every Lord, who has a Penny in his Pocket, and a Crotchet in His Imagination, a very Mecenas.

A Poet shou'd sometimes stand high, and look wide for a Subject; If He is always Domestic, He will be often unnatural. Virgil's celebrated Praise of his Italy, had been Falshood and Flattery, apply'd to Great Britain. He knew and admired the Delights of His Country, and acted as became Him, when he justly commended them. But our Highway-Poets, whose utmost Reach of Skill is a Poor Imitation, forget that they make Them-selves contemptible, instead of ornamenting their Subject, when Peace in our Climate is dress'd in her Olives; when Pan fills our Woods, and Tritons our Seas; and our Shep-herds sit Piping, like the Swains of Arcadia.

A meer Poet, that is to say, a Wretch, who has nothing but the Fingle in his Brain to ring Chimes to his Vanity, and whose whole Trade is Rhyne-jobbing; such a Creature is certainly the most worthless Incumbrance of his Country. His Arrogance is the only Thing more Remarkable than his Ignorance. The fantastical Merit that swells him, is, like o-ther Ill-Humors, the more noxious for its Thinness. Useful Science is an Air much too Gross for His Intellects: Biting Scorn, and Universal Neglect turn their Points on His Conceitedness, and while the whole World strives in vain to correct him by Disgrace and Reproaches, All that Tempest to Him is no more, than Blowing Wind in a Bladder, the stronger the Puff, the more boisterous the Swelling.

All this, Mr. Pope must needs know, between his double Capacity, of Poet and Critic; and, if so, He has given a Judgment, as well corrupt, as ridiculous, in attributing to Party the Endeavours of Justice. But if after all, it was not the Subject, but the Poem, that found no Favour in His Eyes, I will take upon me to assure Him, it sues not for the Blessing: Let him like it as ill as He pleases, I dare at least, undertake, it shall easily defend it self against any Attack, of His making; which, pray Sir, inform Him, since you are His greatest Admirer, and oblige

Your Most Humble Servant,

A. H I L L.

THE
Northern Star.

A
P O E M.

BORN in an Age, when Virtue's Vigour fails,
Where Praise is *Dumb*, or *Speaks*, as Change prevails ;
Where struggling Courage stoops to Want's Controll,
And Fortune's ev'ry Tide o'erwhelms the Soul ;
Where hard-press'd Poverty the Contest flies,
And with low Flatt'ry, shameful Succour buys ;
Where ill-judg'd Worth, by Pow'r, and Wealth, is weigh'd,
And servile Poets make their *Art* a *Trade*.
Rise, Gen'rous Muse ! And let the Wand'ers know,
'Tis base to Praise, where they no Praises owe :
That Justice scorns an undue Fame to sell ;
And Nothing claims Renown, but Doing-well ;
That He dishonours Verse, who bows his Theme,
To Great Mens Fortune, or to Rich Mens Phlegm ;
That, thro' all Forms, the Muse shou'd *Merit* trace,
A Blessing, unconfin'd to Rank, or Place ;

That Narrow Minds conceive not Virtue right,
 And Worlds, not Realms, shou'd be the Poet's Flight.

Extend thy Truth-plum'd Wings, Unbias'd Muse!
 Discern with Caution, but with Boldness chuse:
 If, in some dusky Corner, thou shalt find
 A ragged Fortune hide a noble Mind,
 Disperse the Cloud, and be the Labour thine,
 To teach such shame-fac'd Virtue how to shine.

Or, where thou seest some wealthy Churl with-hold
 Th' enliv'ning Use of His imprison'd Gold,
 If meanly Proud, the Wretch disdains to weigh
 The Wise Man's Wants against the treasur'd Clay;
 With pointed Satyr pierce his stubborn Soul,
 Till Sense of Shame does Pride of Heart controll.

O'er Statesmens Actions keep a watchful Eye,
 The Stains, they make, assume the blackest Dye!
 If, rais'd by Chance, some Wretch, not form'd for Sway,
 Exerts the Cover'd Beast, and hunts for Prey:
 If, all untaught in Pow'r, He drives with Rage,
 And, bluff'ring, shakes His temporary Stage,
 Whisper unwelcom Notice in His Ear,
 That where Abuse spreads wide, Revenge is near.
 But stay! To nobler Aims address thy View,
 And mark the mighty Deeds, which Monarchs do:

Their

Their Good Example sways unfix'd Mankind,
And dim-ey'd Princes make whole Nations Blind.

When God-like *Cæsar* rul'd Ungrateful *Rome*,
And Budding Empire shot a fragrant Bloom,
His Virtues made those Slaves more blest than He,
Who Murder'd Him, to be, unsafely, Free.
When Bloody *Nero* fill'd That *Cæsar's* Throne,
Corrupted Justice durst no Virtue own :

Degen'rate *Rome* became the Villain's Post,
And He was safest, there, whose Guilt was most.

Undreading, therefore, when Occasion calls,
Enter Proud Palaces, Imperious Walls;
There, Good, or Ill, detect the reigning Fact,
For Truth is Truth, however Princes act.

Sublimely fir'd, I snatch the Glorious Aim,
'Tis Great indeed, to give the Royal Fame!
But, where, O ! Spotless Light of Reason's Eye !
Where, among Princes, shall I Virtue spy ?
Shall my own Sov'reign's Praise enrich my Lines ?
No : ---- With known Force, Domestick Glory shines ;
Vain were the Thought, and needless the Design,
To say, to Angels, Heav'n is all Divine.

Northward, unbridl'd Muse ! Direct thy Flight,
Where a New Sun adorns the Land of Night :

Where

Where Arts, and Arms, a Rising Empire found,
 Doom'd to refine the World, and Girt it round.
 Thou, Mighty *CZAR*! in that ⁽²⁾ Contracted Name,
 Shalt out-weigh *Cæsar*, in thy Pow'r and Fame!
 Led by thy Forming Hand, Victorious still,
 And almost New-created, by Thy Skill,
 Intrepid Legions wait thy Doomful Nod,
 As Hosts, from *Moses*, watch'd the Will of God.

Thou, God-like Object of my Muse's Praise,
 Thou, Best Invok'd! Inspire my Rising Lays!
 Kindle my Glowing Soul with Fire like Thine,
 And lend me *Blaze*, to make Thy Wonders shine.
 Tho' right to mark How tow'ring Eagles fly,
 Requires the Sharpness of an Eagle's Eye,
 Tho' High-rais'd View does best a Prospect show,
 Which He can Ill describe who stands too low,
 Yet, if, aspiring to the Theme, I find
 Thy Glory's Lustre strike my op'ning Mind,
 O! Prince, the Grateful Arrogance forgive!
 No Genuine Muse, so charm'd, can silent live!

Perish that narrow Pride, from Custom grown,
 That makes Men blind to Merits not their own:
Briton, and *Russian*, differ but in Name,
 In Nature's Sense, All Nations are the same:
 One Universe claims One Creator's Care,
 And Man is Reason's Subject Every-where.

While

While untrac'd Nile, with swelling Torrent strays,
 And Oozy Wealth, in Annual Floods, conveys,
Memphia's rich Plains confess'd Improvement know,
 And to the spreading Stream, Huge Harvests owe :
 Yet does not *Egypt*, singly, praise the Nile,
 Which, greatly partial, does on *Egypt* smile :
Egypt, and All the World, the River claim ;
Egypt, in Influence, and the World, in Fame :
 So *Russia*, nearest, feels the Inbred Heat,
 But the warm'd World the distant Brightness greet :
 Ages, obscurely pass'd, unmark'd by Fame,
 Had almost robb'd this Empire of its Name :
 Unmeasur'd States lay hid, in noiseless Reign,
 And *Russia* took up half our World in vain :
 Weakly inspir'd, the Mass did slowly roll,
 Like some huge Giant, with a Pigmy's Soul ;
 Till Ripening Time an Equal *Genius* sent,
 Divinely fiz'd to suit the vast Event :
 He breath'd Prolific Vigour o'er the Land,
 And moulded Order, with his skilful Hand ;
 The swelling Energy of Pow'r spread wide,
 And bore down proud Obstruction like a Tide :
 In sudden State, a dreadful Empire rose
 Which, Late, no Hope, and, Now, no Danger knows.

In Marble Quarries, thus, to swell their Gain,
 Men blow up hollow Rocks, with nitrous Grain;
 Too weak, at first, the Blast oft fails its End,
 And frustrate Clouds, with forceless Flash, ascend:
 But when, well suited to the Cavern's Size,
 A stronger Heap th' experienc'd Artist tries,
 No more, in vain, th' expandid Thunder breaks,
 But, bursting All, impetuous Passage makes:
 The groaning Mountain Nods, with rugged State,
 And yields, reluctant, to its forceful Fate:
 The Cave, unroof'd, with sudden Splendor, bright,
 Glitters, with mingled Rocks, and New-born Light.

Did not, O Prince! Thy Love of Art's soft Charms
 Ungrind the keener Influence of thy Arms;
 Well might the Jealous World malign Thy Sway,
 And, anxious, wink, against Thy Stream of Day!
 But Thy Great Soul has taught Thee, that the Brave
 Wish not to conquer, but with View to save:
 That 'tis a Monarch's Task to steer his Reign,
 Betwixt the wild Extremes of *Mean*, and *Vain*:
 To curb Presumption's Childhood with Restraint,
 And punish Treason, while 'tis call'd Complaint:
 The noblest Way, to make His Subjects Free,
 They safe in Property, in Empire, *He*.

Know.

Knowledge, with Joy, should consecrate to Fame
 The lucid Clearness of Her Champion's Flame :
 His Double-grasping Hand, at once, displays
 The Martial Laurel, and the Peaceful Bays :
 Beneath His Shade, where no bold Tempests blow,
 Safely, they twine together, as they grow :
 Not so, of old, when, fierce, in horrid Arms,
 The needy North pour'd forth Her *Gothick* Swarms :
 Roughly they warr'd, on Worth they could not taste,
 And, blindly, laid the Tracks of Learning waste :
 This Heav'n remembred, and, with Kind Command,
 Call'd for Attonement from the barb'rous Land,
 The Conscious Prince, Disdainful of the Crime,
 Guiltless, springs forward, to Uncurse His Clime,
 And nobly vows, to teach the Nations more,
 Than the World's Empire, Ruin'd, Lost before.

Illustrious Nature ! Fitly fram'd for Pow'r !
 So Gods, for Incense, did their Blessings show'r !
 So *Russia's* Chief, Himself a God, in This,
 Rewards Subjection, with unmeasur'd Blis !
 How vast the Engine ! And the Force how Great !
 That can, so swiftly move such Pond'rous Weight !
 Enormous Man ! who, while His boundless Sway
 O'erspreads a Crowd of Nations ev'ry Way,
 Measures not Greatness by His Country's Length,
 Nor will to kneeling Millions owe His Strength :

But

But, Heav'n-like Self-dependent, Vigour shows,
And *gives*, not *takes*, what Pow'r from Number flows.

Divinely stor'd with Views, and rich in Schemes
For Loading Fame with everlasting Themes ;
With Glories He Enamels o'er a Land,
Which almost ow'd Distinction ⁽³⁾ to His Hand.

From frozen Climes, where Nature, stiff with Cold,
Nourish'd no Hope, and, without Joy, grew Old,
Warm'd by the Monarch's Worth, we rising saw,
A Spring of Virtue, and a Bloom of Law.

Doubly supreme, This Prince, with wide Controll,
Directs the Body, and impow'rs the Soul :
While Common Kings their Views supinely scan,
And measure what they *Will*, by what they *Can*,
Thou do'st, at once, with overpow'ring Sway,
Command, and make Men Able to Obey.

Transporting Thought ! Let me indulge thee long :
Thou shew'st what Cause makes Crowns, and Kingdoms, strong !
No more, by Civil Broils, let Nations bleed
For fancy'd Benefits, they do not need :
Those Subjects the most Glorious *Freedom* share,
Whom *We* call *Slaves*, in such a Sovereign's Care.
Slaves are low Wretches, who, deceiv'd by Names,
Promote, unknowingly, their Spoiler's Aims :

Who

Who dream, Rebellion makes a Nation free,
 And hug new Chains, mistook for Liberty;
 Till, waking into Thought, they miss their Gain,
 And kick against some Fellow-Traytor's Reign.

If just *Athenians*, by their *Theseus* led,
Theseus, who gave their scatter'd Limbs a ⁽⁴⁾ Head;
 In lasting Praise, embalm'd His cherish'd Fame,
 When Nought of His was left 'em, but His Name.
 If wise *Licurgus* is immortal grown,
 He, whom *Laconia* Proudly call'd Her own;
 Whose worship'd Ghost kept Living Pow'r in Awe,
 And gave a long Descent of Hero's Law:

If *Romulus* lives, Glorious, to this Day,
 For pointing out to *Rome* her future Way:
 For calling Courage in, from Private Harms,
 To mightier Mischief, in united Arms,
 What Praise, Prodigious Prince! Shall dare to tread,
 In awful Circles, near thy sacred Head!

To whom, not one small Portion, singly, kneels,
 In Thanks for sep'rate Benefits it feels;
 But Nations, ⁽⁵⁾ Numberless, as *Lybian* Sands,
 Adore the Bounties of thy Reaching Hands;
 Thy Hands, to whom, Delighted with thy Praise,
 God, gave not Lands to Govern, but to Raise.

New-blown Ambition fires each Northern Soul,
 And thaws the Icy Influence of the Pole:

The shaggy ⁽⁶⁾ *Samoid*, shaking off his Snow,
 Warms His cold Breast, with New Desire to *Know*;
 The rugged *Tartars*, from whose swarthy Bands,
 A Gloom of Horror us'd to shade Thy Lands;
 Charm'd with Thy Virtues, bow before Thy Throne,
 Assume new Natures, and fix'd Dwellings own.
 New Beams of Learning, active as the Wind,
 Now first break out, and light up Half Mankind:
 Dark Superstition, like a Mist, dispell'd,
 Quits a Dominion, thro' Long Ages held;
 And *Russian* Arms a glitt'ring Terror cast,
 O'er Lands, where scarce the *Russian* ⁽⁷⁾ Name has past!

Shame on the Bards of our degenerate Days,
 Who prostitute to *Gain* their sullied Lays!
 Who think it needless for a Muse to roam;
 And, poorly, place their whole Regard at Home.
 The World's my Country; Born, no matter where,
 Man is a Denizen of Earth and Air!
 The *Just*, who, in full Light, All Merit show,
 Love, ev'n, the Hostile Virtues of a Foe.

Weak, with Astonishment, my Verse pursues,
 And flags beneath, this tow'ring Prince's Views!
 Where are the lost Effects of Statesmen's Wiles?
 Whose ill-schem'd Policy the World beguiles!
 How have they vainly beat one devious Road!
 And sigh'd, at Growing *France*, with false Forebode!

While,

While, Unobserv'd, th' exulting Northern Bear,
Grin'd, over Universal Empire *there!*

Thence sudden Fleets have shadow'd distant ⁽⁸⁾ Seas,
With Pow'r, self-raised, and Scorning flow Degrees :
At Pleasure they descend on Ev'ry Shore,
And starting Nations hear new Thunder roar.
The *Swede*, alarm'd, does Fortune's Change upbraid,
And sees th' assaulted Enemy invade :
Th' afflicted *Dane* learns Jealousy from Fear,
And hates his Helper's Strength, display'd too near :
The furrow'd *Baltick* a Third Lord obeys,
And to strange Keels, Unwilling Homage pays.

The Virgin ⁽⁹⁾ *Caspian* This bold Lover woo's,
Nor vainly for Her envy'd Favour sues :
Already won, She has Her Love confest,
And giv'n Him Leave to wander o'er her Breast :
Persia's heap'd Wealth will Her huge Portion be :
And Eastern Kings shall give Her Lord the Knee.

A Rival Pow'r, in Naval Struggle ⁽¹⁰⁾ try'd,
And stretch'd along the stormy *Euxine's* Side :
Has taught the *Porte's* Imperial Walls to shake,
And shall, the *Sultan's* Iron Scepter break :
Grecia's lost Fame shall be restor'd by Thee,
O Monarch ! Doom'd to set an Empire free !

Yok'd ⁽¹¹⁾ *Hellepont*, whose Stream, submissive glides
 Indignant, and a conquer'd World divides :
 Shall see, while, thence, Thy bursting Thunder roars,
Europe, and *Asia*, trembling to Her Shores.
 Thence may the floating Tow'rs, which boast thy Sway,
 New-greet their *Russia*, by an ⁽¹²⁾ untry'd Way.

While, thus, thy awful Pow'r more awful grows,
 They swell Thy Glory, who Thy Aims oppose :
 The self-priz'd Lords of *China*'s boasted Land,
 Feel their Pride ⁽¹³⁾ faint, beneath thy Pow'rful Hand :
 The Trackless Wilds, which both vast States divide,
 Are, yearly, ev'n when arm'd with Winter, try'd :
 O'er Realms of Snow thy fearless Sleds can fly,
 And bring, at Ease, the dreadful Distance nigh :
 In vain, oppos'd, their long-fam'd *Wall* they see,
 It keeps them *In*, but cannot keep *Out* Thee !

Zemla's High Cliffs, Eternal Hills of Frost !
 Where proud Discov'ry has so oft been ⁽¹⁴⁾ lost,
 Thro' all the Ages of the World, till now,
 Have check'd the Keels, that wou'd those Oceans Plough ;
 Like Nature's Barrier's, they all Search withstood,
 And bound Ambition up in freezing Blood ;
 Reserv'd by Fate, and for thy Reign design'd,
 Thy piercing Eye shall the wish'd Passage find ;
 Or to the Western World, the Eastern join,
 And see the Profit, and the Glory Thine.

Stop

Stop, Headstrong Muse ! And e'er we Higher go,
 Look down, with Caution, on the Depth below ;
 Prospects, so vast, the Rash Approacher fright,
 And, dazling, wound the uncollected Sight :
 Congratulate, a while, the promis'd Gain,
 And, with *some* Joy, relax Thy Wonder's Strain !

Shall then, at last, beneath propitious Skies,
 The Cross, triumphant, o'er the Crescent, rise !
 Shall we behold Earth's long-sustain'd Disgrace
 Reveng'd, in Arms, on *Osman's* haughty Race !
 Shall modern *Greece* shake off a Captive's Shame,
 And look, unblushing, at Her Antient Fame !
 Shall Orphans cease, in vain, lost Bliss to know,
 And curse the thriving Authors of their Woe !
 Shall Widows, old in Chains, their Offspring save,
 And weep, lamented, o'er their Husband's Grave !
 'Twill be ! Prophetic ⁽¹⁵⁾ *Greece* rethopes Her-Own :
 And Hails Her *Cæsar*, on the *Russian* Throne !
Athens again shall teach ; *Corinth* aspire ;
 And *Theban* Breasts glow, with rekindling Fire :
 Once more *Bizantium*, destin'd long to shine,
 Shall rear the ruin'd Name of *Constantine*.

Transcendent Prince ! How happy must thou be !
 What canst thou look upon, unblest'd by Thee !

E What

What inward Peace must Thy brave Bosom know,
 Whence Conscious Virtue does, so strongly, flow!
 The Toil of Ages past in Ruins lies,
 How well-tim'd, therefore, does Thy Greatness rise!
 To shew how swiftly destin'd Glory climbs,
 And build Examples, for succeeding Times!

Such are the Kings, who make God's Image shine,
 And, justly, dare assert their Right Divine!
 No Earth-born Love of Rapine whets their Will,
 Or tempts their Pow'r, Unhostile Blood to spill;
 But, mindful with what Hope Wise Men obey,
 They shew'r down Comforts from their gentle Sway;
 To raise the Humble, They extend their Hand,
 And chase Oppression from their Rescu'd Land:
 With well-weigh'd Justice, They both sheath, and draw,
 The Sword of Battle, and the Sword of Law:
 Skill'd in the Means, They never miss the End;
 But govern, Cool, what They, with Warmth, defend.

How blest were Man, wou'd Heav'n, hereafter, please,
 That all Earth's Princes shou'd be form'd like These!
 Wish it, O Muse, howe'er the Wish be Vain;
 It gives some Joy to hope th'unlikely't Gain:
 Let me, at least, the fancy'd Change create!
 And hug the Prospect of a Bliss, too Great:
 Say, Muse! What Happiness from Thence might flow?
 And what Improvement wou'd blind Fortune know?

Were

Were such the Happy State of Nations made,
 No silent Modesty wou'd Merit shade :
 The Rays of Honour, scatter'd wide about,
 Wou'd reach to Virtue, or enquire Her out :
 Distressful Innocence wou'd Shelter find,
 And Sense of Mis'ry make the *Mighty* kind :
 A faithful Minister Each Post wou'd fill,
 Not rais'd by Faction, but preferr'd for Skill.
 The Judges Bench, by Justice, crown'd with Awe,
 Wou'd break that Bulk of Form, which blunts the Law :
 Wou'd, from Oppression, cleanse the Road to Right,
 And clear the Films of Bribe'ry from Men's Sight.
 Truth, always own'd, wou'd need no Help from Pow'r,
 Nor Rich Mens Wills the Poor Man's Wants devour :
 Distinguish'd Distribution wou'd arise,
 And, to Deserve, wou'd be to Win, the Prize.

Thou, *Russian* Star! That makes the *Pole* outline
 The Torrid Brightness of the Burning *Line*!
 Drawn by Thy beamy Force, I still wou'd gaze ;
 But my Eyes ake, beneath th' oppressive Blaze !
 Descend, Rash Muse! From the bold Theme retire ;
 Thy Fall were dang'rous, if thy Flight were higher !

Forbear, Great Prince! nor, with such Swiftnefs, blefs ;
 Shook by our Fears, we wish Thy Merit less :

Say

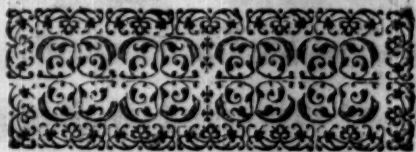
Say, what new Heights were left, for Thee to try,
 If, as thy Fame, thy Body cou'd not die?
 And Heav'n will scarce thy *Now-mourn'd* Absence bear,
 When Earth yields no New Labour, worth Thy Care!

But, while, amaz'd, Thy Miracles we trace,
 Teach us, where, first, we shou'd our Wonder place:
 Hard the Decision! Which Most Honour won,
 Thy Actions, or the Speed, with which they're done!
 When *Rome*, that Glitt'ring, that Immortal, Name,
 Aspir'd to Rule, and panted after Fame,
 Age copying Age, strove, with progressive Will,
 To push the same Design, with Equal Skill:
 And, when Eight ⁽¹⁶⁾ hundred Lab'ring Years were past,
 The late propitious Fortune smil'd at last.
 Not such slow Rise, O Prince! Thy *Russia* fears:
 Thou see'st not Glory thro' such Depth of Years:
 At once resolv'd, at once the Columns rise,
 Which lift thy dreadful Fabrick to the Skies:
 Form, and Degrees, let Earthy Spirits need,
 Thy Soul, Excentric, moves, with inbred Speed;
 Makes Nature shake; and raises, in a Day,
 What, with less Ease, in Ages, shall decay!

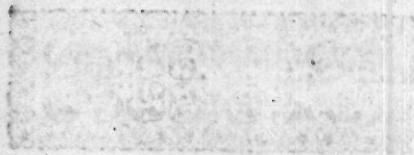
So, when young Time, in Chains, Existence kept,
 And huddl'd Nature in dark *Chaos* slept,

Th

Th' Eternal Word, to set Distinction free;
 But spoke th' Almighty *Fiat* - - - Let there *Be* ;
 Millions of Ways the *starting* Atoms flew ;
Like clung to *Like*, and sudden Order grew :
 Struggling in Clouds, a-while, Confusion lay ;
 Then dy'd, at once, and lost it self in Day.



The British Wool, to let Dinnington free;
 But I have not time to say more. -- Let there be
 Millions of Wives, and Millions of Sons;
 Let the Church to Jesus, and the World to God grow;
 Struggling in Cloning, a while, Continuation lay;
 Then thy, and I, and all, and all, in Day



Explanatory NOTES,

Referr'd to, in the P O E M.

(1) **I** Call *Russia* *The Land of Night*, not only *Literally*, as its general Distance from the Sun occasions tedious and uncomfortable Winters, but also in a *Metaphorical* Sense, because an almost total Absence of the Arts (till this *Czar's* Reign) had wrapt the Country in a Night of Ignorance.

(2) *In that Contracted Name.* *Czar* is a Contraction of the Word *Cæsar*, and is us'd to signify a King, or Emperor, not only in the *Russian* Tongue, but the *Sclavonian*, and some others; and, no doubt, deriv'd its Rise from that Title of the *Roman* Emperors. Nor is there any other Difference in the Words than the Contraction only, since the antient Latin Pronunciation was not *Cæsar*, as we speak it, but the *C* being pronounc'd as a *K*, made *Kaisar*, and, in that Manner, it was undoubtedly spoken by the *Romans*. The Germans have no other Title for the Emperors to this Day, than *Kaisar*, which the smallest Variation changes into *Czar*, according to the *Russian* Appellation.

(3) *Almost ow'd Distinction to his Hand.* Tho' the *Czars* of *Russia* have for many Ages been possess'd of very large Dominions, and a Power as extensive, and unbounded, as most other Princes; yet, partly by their distant Situation, and partly by their Want of Skill in Arms and Arts, it is certain that they are but lately become Known to these Parts of *Europe*, and were never formidable, 'till they ow'd it to the Genius of their present Monarch.

(4) *Gave their scatter'd Limbs a Head.* Every Body knows that *Theseus* gather'd the *Athenians* into a Body, from a dispers'd and solitary Way of living; and founded and peopled the City of *Athens*, which was before but a little Village, tho' a Kingly Seat, where he brought them to a Relish of Society, and usefully instructed them in the Knowledge of improving their united Power.

(5) *Nations, Numberless as Lybian Sands.* The *Hyperbole* may plead more than Poetical Licence to excuse it; for, if, according to the Practice of Great Part of the *East*, and the *West-Indies*, each distinct Tribe or Herd, may be indulg'd in their Ambition to be thought a particular Nation, as most Writers have practis'd, Then may the petty Herds of *Tartars*, almost every where surrounding *Russia*, added to the wild Variety of Inhabitants in *Siberia*, *Samoieda*, &c. who depend upon the *Czar*, be call'd *Numberless*, without much Help from the *Hyperbole*.

(6) *The Shaggy Samoid.* The *Samoiedes* are a People subject to the *Czar*, and inhabiting a large Tract of Land, from *Nova Zemla*, to the Neighbourhood of *Archangel*, and extending along the *Tartarian* Sea. They neither Plough nor Sow, their Country being too cold to produce Corn; so that they live chiefly on dry'd Fish and Turneps, and the Flesh of a Kind of Deer, which feeds on the Moss of their Heaths: And, with the Skins of these Deer, having a very thick, warm Fur, they cloath and defend themselves from the Sharpness of the Frost, and covering themselves all over, keep the Snow from blowing in at their Necks; and live three Months, in the Year, without Sight of the Sun.

(7) *O'er Lands, where scarce the Russian Name has past.* Notwithstanding the just Notion, which *Europe* has conceiv'd for some Years past, of the formidable Power of the *Russian* Arms, yet is their Country so little known, to the Generality of other Nations, that it is almost Universally call'd *Muscovy*, tho' that is only the Name of its old Capital *Muscow*; And the *English* might, with the same Justice, in foreign Countries, be call'd by no other Name than *The Londoners*.

(8) *Thence sudden Fleets have shadow'd Distant Seas.* It is known, that the *Czar* has on a sudden, cover'd the *Baltick*, with a powerful Fleet of Men of War and Gallies; which was sufficiently seen, when He transported His Army to join with the King of *Denmark*, in the intended Descent upon *Schonen*: And on the other Side of His Dominions, He has built a Fleet against the *Turks*, to serve upon the *Black-Sea*, most of which Ships, being of very great Force, were built at *Veronize*, a Town seated on a Branch of the famous *Tanaïs*, and falling into the *Palus Maotis*, not far from the City of *Azoph*.

(9) *The*

(9) *The Virgin Caspian.* The Czar has caus'd Ships to be sent down the *Volga* into the *Caspian-Sea*, to make Discoveries on the Side of *Georgia*, *Persia*, *Armenia*, and independant *Tartary*, and a considerable Trade, for the Products of the *East-Indies*, is already carried on, from several Ports in that Sea, to *Astracan*, and thence dispers'd over *Russia*, by the *Volga* and the *Don*. This Sea is call'd the *Virgin-Caspian*, because it has no known Communication with any other, being the largest Lake in the Universe, about five hundred Miles long, and, in Breadth, four hundred; and by Means of this Sea, the Czar has at all Times, an Inlet into the Heart of *Persia* and the *Indies*, whenever he shall think of extending His Conquests that Way.

(10) *A Rival Power, in Naval Struggle try'd.* The *Turks*, 'till the Reign of this Illustrious Prince the Czar, possess'd Entire Dominion in the *Euxine*: But the *Russian Fleets* can now dispute their Title; and, of this, the *Turks* have had Experience ever since the Year 1696, when the Loss of *Azoph* was the Consequence of an Overthrow at Sea, by the *Russian Gallies*, commanded by the Czar in Person. The Terror this Defeat occasion'd at *Constantinople* was so great, that they built new Castles on the *Bosphorus*, and took all possible Precautions to prevent some future Attempt that Way, by the *Russian Navy*; but so much in Vain, that I am convinc'd and could justify it by Reason and Demonstration, that, if the Czar shou'd, as it is now likely he will, declare War against the *Turks*, he may, with the smallest Expence, or Hazard, imaginable, begin his Success by laying *Constantinople* in Ashes, or possessing it, if he pleases, and maintaining it against all possible Efforts of the *Ottoman Power*.

(11) *Tok'd Hellespont.* The Passage of this famous Chanel is guarded, and made as the *Turks* falsely believe, impossible to be forc'd, by two old Castles, called the *Dardanelles*; one seated on the *Asian Side*, the other on the *European*, about three Quarters of a Mile asunder; and having each a Platform of prodigious out-of-Size Artillery, carrying Stone Bullets of two or three Foot Diameter.

(12) *New greet their Russia by an untry'd Way.* If *Constantinople* were in the Hands of the Czar; and the *Hellespont*; by that Means subject to Him, His Ships from the South Parts of His Dominions, bordering on *Circassia*, might, thro' the *Bosphorus*, *Propontis*, *Hellespont*, and *Aegean*, pass into the *Mediterranean*, and coming thro' the Straights Mouth, sail Northward, and reach *Russia* again, at the Port of *Archangel*.

(13) *Feel their Pride shake, &c.* The *Chinese*, tho' vastly distant from *Russia*, have been warr'd upon by that Nation, and made to conceive very different Ideas of them, from those which their Pride had before suggested to them: And the Czar duely sensible of the many Advantages, which may arise from a perfect Discovery of that Immensity of Desert, which divides Him from *China*, has completed that Design, and built Forts and large Towns, all the Way, at proper Distances, for the Defence, and Entertainment of His Subjects, who travel every Year from one Empire to the other by Land, carrying out and bringing back such Commodities, as are most in Demand by the Merchants of both Nations. They set out, when the Winter has cover'd all the Country with Snow, and the Surface of that Snow is so harden'd by Frost, that they are drawn with great Swift-ness over it, in Sleds, by a large Kind of Deer; they, who ride in the Sled, being cover'd with thick, and warm Furs, for Defence against the Severity of the Cold.

(14) *Where Proud Discovery has so oft been lost.* Abundance of Ships have been lost, and great Numbers of excellent Mariners been frozen to Death, in the Search of a North Eastern Passage to *China* and *Japan*, by the Way of *Nova Zemla*, and the great Sea of *Tartary*. If there is such a Passage, as there must be, unless the *Russian Dominions* are join'd on the North, to *America*, The Czar has a Design to discover it; and will undoubtedly succeed in it, because His Situation affords him an Advantage, which no other Monarch is Master of.

(15) *Prophetic Greece re-hopes Her own.* There has, long, been a Prophecy among the *Greeks*, that their Redemption from the *Turkish Yoke*, shall be owing to a fair, white hair'd People from the North; and they are strongly, and universally perswaded, that the *Russians* are the People, meant in the Prophecy.

(16) *And, when eight hundred lab'ring Tears were past.* Tho' the *Romans*, assisted by the Strength of their National Virtue, in the Infancy of their Power, grew suddenly Glorious, yet they reach'd not the Height of their Empire, till the Days of *Trajan*; which Summit of Authority is hinted at by the *Aspiring to Rule*, and *Panting after Fame*, in the Poem.